In formes imaginary, th'unguyded daies,
And rotten times that you ſhall looke vpon,
When I am ſleeping with my aunceſtors:
For when his head-ſtrong riot hath no curbe,
VVhen rage and hot bloud are his counſellors,
VVhen meanes and lauiſh manners meete together,
Oh with what wings ſhal his affections flie,
Towards fronting peril and oppoſde decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite,
The prince but ſtudies his companions,
Like a ſtrange tongue wherein to gaine the language:
Tis needfull that the moſt immodeſt word,
Be lookt vpon and learnt, which once attaind,
Your highneſſe knowes comes to no further vſe,
But to be knowne and hated: ſo, like groſſe termes,
The prince will in the perfectneſſe of time,
Caſt off his followers, and their memory
Shall as a pattern, or a meaſure liue,
By which his grace muſt mete the liues of other,
Turning paſt-euils to aduantages.

King Tis ſeldome when the bee doth leaue her comb,
In the dead carion: who's here, Weſtmerland?

Enter Weſtmerland.

Weſt. Health to my ſoueraigne, and new happineſſe
Added to that that I am to deliuer,
Prince Iohn your ſonne doth kiſſe your graces hand.
Mowbray, the Biſhop, Scroope, Haſtings, and al,
Are brought to the correction of your law:
There is not now a rebels ſword vnſheathd,
But Peace puts forth her oliue euery where,
The manner how this action hath bin borne,
Here at more leiſure may your highneſſe reade,
With euery courſe in his particular.

King O Weſtmerland, thou art a ſummer bird,
VVhich euer in the haunch of winter ſings
The lifting vp of day: looke heres more newes. *enter Harcor.*

Hare.